

Jupiter's Rare and Used Books is celebrating the beginning of its Second year under the ownership of The Beloved Reverend Hults, and also as the offices of the Upper Left Edge. We invite you to join us (Uncle Mike, Doug Marx, Dr. Karkeys, and a cast of thousands) for refreshments and conversation, all day Thursday May 19th from about 10AM till around 5PM. In the afternoon Doug Marx will be selling, signing, and reading from his new book "Sufficiency" published by 26 Books in Portland. And in the evening we will retire to Bill's for evening services. This is an official celebration of the Rastified Church of the Cowboy Buddha and excommunication is the punishment for failure to attend without dispensation. Dispensations as always will be available at Bill's for the price of a Bud. Here is an example of Doug's work from his new book

## Homago to Mississippi John Hurt

In an age when white kids blister their lingers to play what black kids try to forget,

I take a straightback chair out on the porch, tilt into a late August twilight and, one foot tapping, thump a few iambs along the bass line of your heart, humming songs my clumsy hands can't touch for their dancing--

"Payday," 'Creole Belle," 'Candyman,"

as the moon comes on round as the ghost of your acorn face, coaxing lovesick crickets in the grass.

I'm listening to household music, the lyric grace of one guitar that sounds like two in your hands

poor man's piano in tune with his pain,

and this moon has a ring around it, a halo of bluenotes left behind like salt in the sweatband of an old felt hat.

Inside your voice, beneath your breath rasping through those last sessions, I hear the needle unwind the scratchy groove of your wax thumbprint

like the hiss of a sharecropper's plow, when it splits the rich topsoil of his hell on earth, whispering

John Hurt Mississippi John Hurt.

Doug Marx



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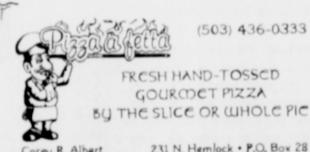




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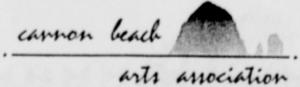
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Dear Friend

In this bustle of mating and washing and making a living and finding a piece of meat or cup of water that won't kill you, friend, you forget some things, and mistake so many others. You think you have a right to happiness, like enfranchisement; I don't blame you, it's an American thing. But when it doesn't come with your CD player or your car or your spiffy shoes or your nice thoughts and you fold like a bankrupt at a poker table, and the certain stupidity of the whiskey glass puts you off as déclassé I know what you will turn to: the miracle of the mood-altering drug.

Soma now! beloved by our rulers -the alternative would be revolution.

What we are all afraid to admit is that depression is not abnormal, it is not unnatural and it is not proof of psychological dysfunction. To the contrary, it is the most logical state the sane mind can arrive at when confronted with the horrorshow we are erecting on this continent.

Dear friend, won't you reconsider? There are alternatives Quit your job. Smash your TV. Shave your head. Get a tattoo. Or maybe just come stay with me? I have a little room for you; it's cold when it is cold and warm when it is warm, but it could be yours. I have a box of sand you could play inside and an expansive sky that is unconcerned with our attempts to impress it. Perhaps together we could try to get back to something that is good? A rock, a bird, the flower that would love to bloom inside your pocket? For what it's worth, my friend, I am learning that to stake my life on anything less tangible is foolish. Think about it? Write me --

I don't have a telephone and have no intention of getting one.

Yours,

--Bill Clunie



UPPER LEFT EDGE MAY 1994 15